

THE

Common-HUNT,

OR, THE

PURSUITE

OF THE

POPE.



RELIGION having suffer'd long,
 Scarce knowing who had done her wrong;
 Her Profelytes together flew
 By th' Ears, to kill they knew not who.
 Here lay, making a heavy stir,
 Fifth-Monarchy and Presbyter;
 There Independent, after Pause,
 Demanding for the *Good old Cause*;
 Next Anabaptist, and his Train,
 Put in for *Dipping* o're again;
 While *Tea* and *Nay*, with his *new Light*;
 Quarrels, altho he dare not fight;
 Next enters, after many knocks,
 Episcopacy Orthodox;

A

She

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She, proper Lady of the soil,

Composes the unhappy Boil.

Now all is well, and all goes right,

There's no need now to hate or fight,

Now Profelytes may all agree,

And live in Love and Liberty:

But hold, poor Church! and thou shalt find,

That thy worst Enemy's behind,

Who with his superstitious Crew

Does seek thee utterly t'undo.

'Tis he who, in Queen Mary's Regions,

Sent Saints to Heaven by whole Legions:

'Tis he who did, in Eighty eight,

Strike both at *Englands* Church and State:

'Tis he who did, in Powder Plot,

At *England* aim, but mist his shot:

'Tis he who has so oft, at Pleasure,

Exhausted *Englands* well got Treasure:

'Tis he whose greatest Envy is

'Gainst *Englands* fair Metropolis:

'Tis he, that Dam'ner great of souls,

Who Christianity Controuls:

'Tis

(3)

'Tis he who did in *Sixty Six*,
 His flaming Sword in *London* fix:
 'Tis he who, big with fire and Nitro,
 It's Suburbs Sacrific'd to th' Mitre:
 'Tis he, who Nursing Mother sent
 Unto our Church, with this intent,
 Not to be kind to it, but rather
 T'orelay the Babe, and kill the Father:
 'Tis he, grand Patron of Confusion,
 Who works in Houses Dissolution:
 'Tis he who, true Arch-Rebel Monger,
 'Gainst elder Brother sets the younger,
 And nothing less than Saint-Ship brings
 To Villains that dare kill their Kings:
 He who, at distance, can Prefer
 In any Realm a Treasurer,
 And Murther Minister of Justice
 That dare act up to what his Trust is:
 And yet, though he have nothing less,
 No Name fits him, but Holiness.
 Now then, *So Ho!* methinks I see
 This Monster in Effigie,

Th'

Th' Ukennel'd Fox with speed pursue,
 He stinks already, Boys *Halloo*;
 Fling in fresh Zeal and Loyalty,
 The Leaders of the *Ghace* to be,
 Let all Mouths open, that *ful-ery*
 We may run down this Enemy;
 Stop all his Grounds, that he may be
 Defenceless 'gainst his Destiny:
 His Jesuitick Cubs Immure,
 If *Jesus* Flock you would secure;
 Spare not for Horse-flesh, follow on,
 The Day already is half gone;
 Chase him through every Disguise,
 He'll piss on's Tail to blind your Eyes,
 But run him home, for soon he Dyes;
 If he chance t' Earth, dig after him,
 The Country will with Spades come in:
 Never then let your Spirits droop,
 Till you have caught, uncas'd, and cry'd *who whoop!*

FINIS.